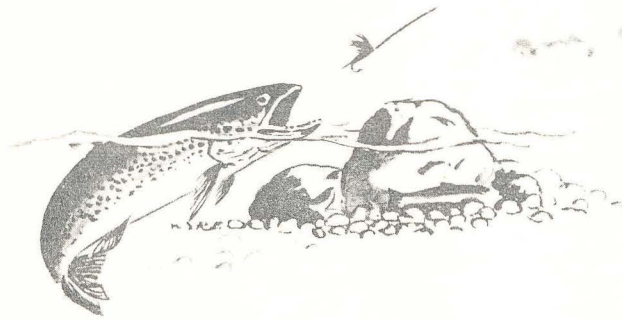


CENTRAL  
NEW JERSEY CHAPTER  
P.O. BOX 581  
EDISON, N. J. 08817

# New Jersey MAINSTREAM



E. VanCleaf

JANUARY 1984

VOL. II NO. I

## "President's Letter" by John Hartmann

The days of Jan 12-15, 1984 will be busy ones for the members of Central Jersey Trout Unlimited. In case you have forgotten, this is when the Garden State Outdoor Sportsman's Show is scheduled at the Rutgers College Avenue Gym and Annex in New Brunswick.

We have planned much for the four day Expo and here are just a few of the items on the agenda. First we will have a booth working full time to recruit new members to Trout Unlimited. They will explain what the organization is all about and how people may join. We will also have on display a seventy-five gallon fish tank containing several steelhead. A couple of our chapter experts will be on hand to explain the steelhead program being carried on by New Jersey T.U. Besides these two booths, there will also be demonstrations in fly tying and rod building. To round the program out, throughout the four days there will be raffle prizes drawn. Included in these prizes will be a hand carved rainbow trout by George Harris, an ultralight action graphite spin outfit, and a light action graphite spin out. The rods are Cabela's Fish Eagle Graphites and the

reels are Garcia Cardinals.

As you can see the four days will be busy ones, so once again I urge you to participate and make this Expo a successful one. There are booths to be manned and raffle tickets to be sold and the only way this can be done over the four day period with a degree of success is with the help of you people out there. If you have any concern for your chapter and have a little free time, please contact Rich Ziegler 549-3510 or myself John Hartmann 832-2872. See you at the show.

John



## "Central Jersey Gossip" by George Hryvniak

The annual C.J.T.U. Dinner will be held for the second year in a row at Pump-town Corners in Edison, N.J. on Saturday, March 10, 1984 starting at 7:00 o'clock. The price per ticket will be \$15.00 and the dinner will again have door prizes and super

NEXT MEETING JANUARY 10 8:00 P.M. KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS HALL, DUNELLEN, N.J. PRESENTATION - "T.U. & The Division of Fish, Game, & Wildlife: Ways to Cooperate to Improve Freshwater Fisheries." By A. Bruce Pyle, Director N.J. Bureau of Freshwater Fisheries.

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raffle prizes. Keep in mind that anyone donating a gift for the raffle will get C.J.T.U. points to their credit. There will be more details regarding the dinner in February's issue of Mainstream.....

When summer arrives, Greg Wanat switches from chasing trout to chasing bass with a fly rod and poppers. Greg is out almost every night during the summer after bass. This year his best day was sometime in late July or early August when he took approximately fifteen smallmouth along with one largemouth from the South Branch around Three Bridges. Besides the bass that evening, he took his share of sunnies on the poppers.....

Be prepared to continue picking up discarded bottles and aluminum cans along our roads and streams. On Dec. 12 the N.J. State Legislature tabled the Can and Bottle Deposit Bill. Fishing in N.J. wouldn't be the same if you didn't see discarded cans and bottles along our streams. Let's try again next year to get the Bill passed. We must not lose hope for this State!.....

During the last three years Bill Ninke has gotten quite involved with fly fishing and fly tying. This past spring everything seemed to fall into place. He managed to take a 17" brown on a Grey Fox Parachute Hackle in the Willowemoc. Then during the Blue Wing Olive hatches in June, Bill was picking up about 20 fish each day on the Willowemoc. On Oct. 1, Bill took the day off and headed up to the Beaverkill to fish at Wagon Tracks. There wasn't much happening, so he decided to fish a Deer Hair Beetle and hooked a 5" chub. While bringing in the Chub a 17 or 18 inch brown proceeded to chase it. The brown was bold enough to chase the chub around Bill's feet. The chub was then washed back into the current where two additional browns of the same size joined the chase. One of the browns managed to nail the chub and in turn the chub fell off the hook allowing Bill to hook the brown. Consequently, Bill had his second large brown for 1983. Can YOU beat this story?.....

At the Dec. 13 meeting, Walter Klemen's

name was drawn for the Raffle Prize Money Drawing and since he was not in attendance, he lost \$51.00. Make sure you're at the Jan. 10 meeting to get a crack at the money; it may reach \$75.00.....

The N.J. State Council of T.U. is holding a State Wide Banquet on Jan. 14 at the Watchung View Inn with cocktails at 6:30. The guest speaker will be Joe Humphreys and his presentation will be "Fishing at Night." As usual there will be great raffle prizes at the Dinner. For tickets (\$22.50 per person), call John Hartmann at 832-2872 or see him at the Jan. 10 meeting.....

John Menzel and myself decided to fish the South Branch on Dec. 10 While getting our waders on, John realized he had left his nymphs at home. I offered some of mine but John said he would use small bucktails and streamers. John managed to take four fish with about ten additional fish hooked but lost. I picked up eight fish; six were taken on a weighted #10 Gold Ribbed Hare's Ear and the other two were taken on a #8 black Wolly Worm with white hackle. The air was warm but the water was cold. We were so chilled that the heater in my truck was kept on high for all but the last ten minutes of our fifty minute trip back home.....

Phill Sigle has the steelhead net installed in the Swimming River. Since it has been placed in the river, we managed to net a number of Hickory Shad and one 3 lb. Channel Catfish but no Steelhead yet. If you can spare some time to help Phill check the net for Steelhead, give him a call. He needs as many people as possible. You can reach him at 521-1539.....

While attending the national meeting of the Federation of Fly Fishermen this August, Charlie Walther had the opportunity to go on a float trip on the Madison with Nick Lyons and Gary LaFontaine. What Charlie remembers the most about the float trip is how he hooked Nick's hat with his fly while casting. They also had the opportunity to fish the Yellowstone while out there.....





In next month's Gossip Column, let us know about that Orvis or Sage rod Santa left under the tree. Send any and all gossip to 120D CEDAR LANE, HIGHLAND PARK, N.J. 08904

George



"Brodhead Reflections" by  
Joe Mihalenko

There was a desire to explore and familiarize myself with the famous and historic pools and runs that have become a part of Eastern U.S. fishing legend; nearby waters referenced by writers like Ernie Schweibert as having been fished by Presidents.

Passing along the coursing waterway in late autumn, the enticing water competes with the road for the driver's attention and senses.

There are smooth flats, course modifying projections and boulders, frothy bubbling pockets, and stepping pools of shimmering liquid crystal that attempt to transfer reality into illusion.

The Brodhead Creek between Canadensis and Paradise Creek at Henryville encourages one into even closer contact with it. Long satisfying runs are periodically diverted away in an attempt to preserve its privacy and conceal itself from view. This tends to intensify the urge to probe its secrets.

The stream tantalizes and taunts one to approach its forbidden magic through the mélange of Patrolled, Posted, and No Trespassing signs hung on the leafless trees as a pockmarked lateral line.

The opportunity to take pleasure in its naturalness and to match wits with its occupants will be an experience to be tasted and appreciated by only a fortunate few.

The potential for open fishing by the public at large at this site is rather improbable.

Literary praise of waters singled out as something special seems to heighten the surprise, disappointment, and personal rejection one feels when encountering such a reception. Perhaps in current writing there is room to re-evaluate and update the status of historic resources with scripts that can tell it like it is while retaining the fantasy of things that used to be.

One can only speculate on the forces that led to the current condition of restriction. It may be a reaction to the pressure of population or abusive behavior that offend the environment and those who closely relate to it, resulting in an effort to protect and preserve the banks and their aquatic charges. Perhaps it stems from selfish and exclusionary practices by members of the fishing fraternity.

The legacy of past attritions provides leverage to add yet another notch in the ledger of restricted access and use denials. Certainly, other streams have met with a similar fate.

Of course, there are other open waters, other scenery, but there is a certain sadness in the knowledge of a prize that is lost.

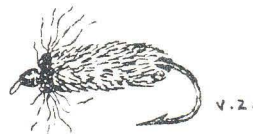
If the die is cast, it is unfortunate testimony that pleasant fishing experiences will continue to elude us in the future.

Joe



"Fly of the Month" by  
Vincent Zyweic

The Ginger Sand Caddis



The sand caddis, like many of the most effective nymphal imitations, is more

of a suggestive fly than an exact imitation of a specific insect. Originally tied to imitate the larval form of the casemaking caddis such as those of the Odonticeridae and the Goeridae families; it has become one of my most effective searching patterns for fishing moderate to fast flowing runs, especially during the winter and early spring months. I can recall a particularly successful day I had last year on the Musconetcon River.

It had snowed quite heavily the week before and the ground was still covered with ten inches of fresh snow. The mercury held at the 30 degree mark and the secondary roads were still quite hazardous. I decided to do the smart thing, I got in my car and headed toward the "Musky" instead of making an excursion to Pennsy or the Catskills. When I arrived at the stream, I was delighted to find it in excellent condition. The water was a little high and running clear, perfect for mid-winter nymphing. I decided to start at the Powerline Pool.

These types of conditions call for a long, yet sensitive rod. I decided on an eight and one half foot graphite rod for a number five line. I tied a fresh tippet to the nine foot, 5x leader and added a short dropper two feet above the leader point. To the dropper, I tied on a size 14 Musky Shrimp and to the tippet point, I tied a size 12 Ginger Sand Caddis. I also added three size B split shot to various points along the leader.

The water felt cold as I cautiously entered the stream. Ice extended about eight feet out from the far bank. I crossed the stream and climbed out onto the ice. It was surprisingly thick, easily supporting my weight. My first cast fell close to the edge of the ice and I had to mend my line continuously to prevent the leader from catching on its jagged edges. I extended each consecutive cast a foot further than the previous one, slowly covering all of the water within easy reach.

I could feel the split shots bounc-

ing along the stream bed through the sensitive rod tip and I attentively watched my nail knot for any signs of a strike. The line hesitated, almost imperceptibly, and I set the hook. The fish reacted with a short but powerful run upstream but I maintained pressure from below and he tired quickly. I slid the trout up onto the ice. It was a beautiful, full-bodied brown of 14 inches and I quickly removed the hook and released him.

I landed a dozen trout that afternoon, many of them fat, hold-over browns and rainbows from the early spring stockings. It was an afternoon filled with excitement and more importantly filled with lessons on the importance of the Sand Caddis and the dead drift, bottom bouncing nymphing technique.

#### Ginger Sand Caddis

HOOK: 9671 size 12 to 16  
THREAD: Danville 6/0 tan  
CASE: Ginger Australian opossum  
THORAX/LEGS: Baby Seal Dyed Black  
HEAD: Danville Monocord, Black  
UNDERBODY: Lead fuse wire, .020 for size 12, .015 for size 14, .010 for size 16

While tying this fly remember that it is intended to imitate the cased caddis and should therefore be tied with a robust body. When the fly is completed, tease the fur with a dubbing needle to give the fly a buggier silhouette.

Vin



#### The Captain Caddis Courageous Saga By Leo Rouillard

##### "Trout Fishing in the Fog"

The date was July 30, 1983, a very hot muggy day with temperatures in the 90's and





humidity to match. Captain Caddis and I decided to get away from the Beaver Kill (water too low and too warm) and fish the waters of the West Branch of the Delaware.

We particularly like to fish the West Branch several miles above or below the town of Hales Eddy. The River in this area is quite wide, flows through farm country, and is always full of water. This is especially true during the summer months when NYC is required to release water from its reservoirs, in this case, Cannonsville, in order to maintain adequate river flow downstream at Philadelphia. As you might expect, this water release is very cold and I've recorded water temperatures in the 50's and even in the 40's (definitely a wise decision to wear thermals even in July). The river is essentially one long, deep pool after another with some riffles in between, many islands, and side channels. But enough of this geography lesson and back to my story.

This particular day as we traveled along Route 17, we reached the area where the river swings near the highway and caught sight of something very unusual - fog! Yes, fog, in the middle of the afternoon and hanging from the water's surface to about 15 feet or so above it. The fog was so thick that you could cut it with a knife and if you were more than 50 feet away from your fishing partner, he would become a voice from somewhere in the distance. It was very spooky - you'd hear voices and exchange the pleasantries of the day with fishermen and canoeists as they drifted down river but never saw them. It was also cold and I don't mean the water temperature but rather the air, so cold in fact, that the Captain and I were literally shivering as we fished. Every now and then a cold mass of air would proceed downstream and it would feel like someone had opened a door during a January blizzard.

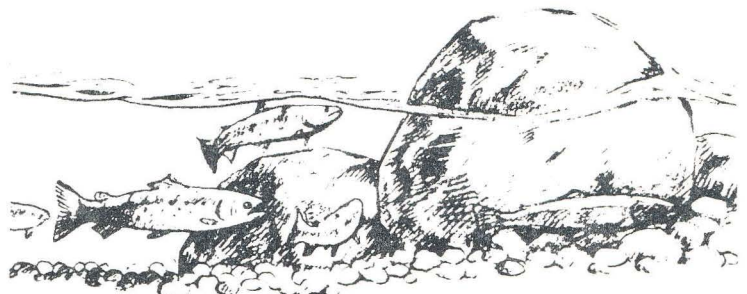
The fishing was spectacular, trout

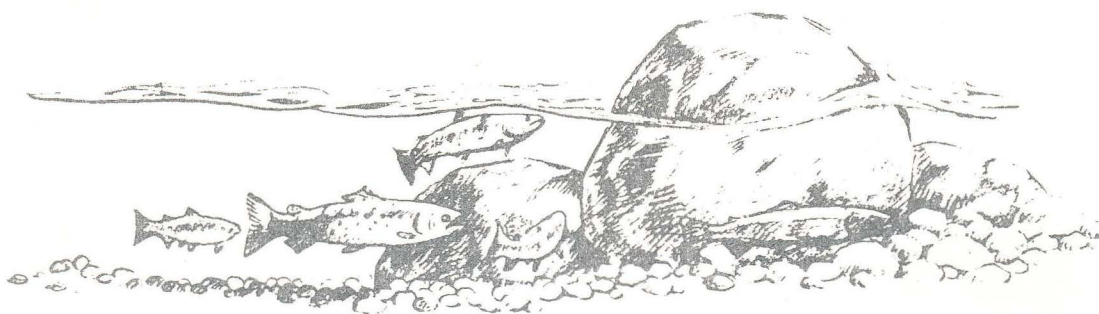
rising everywhere, especially to small blue wing olives (size 18 & smaller), yellow drakes (*Potamanthus distinctus*) and yellow quills (*Epeorus vitreus*). I was doing OK with two 16" browns caught and released. Judging by the noise he was making it appeared that the Captain was doing exceptionally well - or so it seemed. I reeled up and proceeded to the bank to investigate his spot; remember, we couldn't see each other through the fog. I proceeded downstream and took up a position directly behind him and learned his secret. I called out, "So this is how you catch fish!".

Startled the Captain turned around and proceeded to make up every excuse under the sun, or rather, under the fog. We had a good laugh and then worked our way upstream picking off rising trout along the bank until the action suddenly stopped.

Oh yeah, the Captain's secret! He would holler out some obscenity, strips off line from his reel, as a running fish does, and splashes the water with his hand. All this to give the illusion that he was into heavy action. That's the secret to trout fishing in the fog.

Tight Lines  
Leo





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